

QUEEN OF THE DAY.

IN THE RACE FOR HONORS AMERICAN GIRL IS FIRST FAVORITE.

AN IDEAL OF MANY ARTISTS.

Leading Newspaper Illustrators of the Country Have Sketched Her in Picturesque Poses—Here Is Their Thanksgiving Contribution.

(Written for the Dispatch.) If the fact of getting everything one wishes for constitutes cause for thanksgiving, then the American girl should be the most contented of mortals. The emancipation of woman, that hackneyed slogan of those who declare the sex to be fettered by the tyrant man, falls flat in America for want of a suitable foil. Thanksgiving Day 1897 will find the American girl as other Thanksgivings have found her, not emancipated—for she never was enslaved—but free as the bright, frosty air that woos her athletic frame, sending the blood coursing swiftly through her veins and imprinting the charming tinge of robust health on her cheeks. If any one thinks there is room to doubt this, then let the doubter watch the passing show when the American girl takes the centre of the stage on Thursday next, competing for supremacy as queen of the festival with that other glorious institution of Thanksgiving—the turkey gobbler.

A good place to view her at her best will be from the sidewalk of any smooth-paved street of our cities, or from the pathways of macadamized country roads. Here, in the naughtiest and newest of bicycle rigs, she will be seen, with her cheeks aglow, her bright eyes sparkling, her pretty hair dancing merrily in the wind, howling along a-wheel at a pace that surely has nothing in common with chains or fetters, unless it be the bicycle-chain that enables her to challenge the wind to a trial of speed and beat the old birt in a canter. The manner in which the American girl has taken advantage of this glorious sport bears ample testimony to the fact that when she wants a thing she will have it, and knows how to take the fullest advantage of what is hers by right. If the shades of the dear old grandmothers of the days of wheel and cart could return to us yesterday, and gather along the highways and byways where laughing, chaffing, free, and happy columns of wheelwomen fly by, they will surely return to the land of shadows with feelings of regret that their lot was not cast in an era when women find more healthful means of employing their time than the laborious and confining duties of the old-fashioned home life. That the change is vastly for the better, even the most sceptical and cross-grained critic of the up-to-date womanhood will admit. Instead of the pale-faced, narrow-chested woman of the wheel and distaff era, the spectator who chooses a front seat to view the passing show of Thanksgiving-Day, 1897, will see a long procession of rosy-cheeked, lithe-limbed, happy, healthy, and wholesome specimens of femininity that speak contentment in every action.

Yielding for honors with the bicycle girl of Thanksgiving-Day, 1897, is that sport-loving sister of hers, who doles on the tow-headed heroes of the foot-ball field. Whatever the muscular giants of the gridiron may to right inch by inch toward the coveted goal, bruising and battering each other in the interests of the famous game, whose season ends next Thursday, there will be heard the music of shrill cheers from fair throats there will be seen the waving of flags held in neatly-gloved hands, and the enthusiastic applause of the hosts of feminine admirers that will pack the grandstands and shout for the glory of the American sport. No foot-ball scene in the country will be complete without the American girl to cheer the contending heroes on to victory. What matters it how the game goes. Is it not recompense enough for those who must swallow the bitter dose of defeat that sweethearts and sisters who have watched them straining every nerve and muscle for hours in a vain effort to win, stand ready to sympathize with and cheer the broken-spirited losers as well as to congratulate the winners? For the sake of the bright eyes that watch the struggling and mud begrimed contestants on the foot-ball fields of Thanksgiving-Day, 1897, each man will summon up every ounce of reserve force in his muscular frame and fight for the mastery with the same spirit that prompted the knights of old to couch lance, clasp spurs to steed, and dash on for fame and his lady's girdon. It is for the sake of the American girl that bruises will be counted as naught and blood-flowing gloried in on the foot-ball field next Thursday. True, there are some who entertain the mistaken notion that the honor of college or club is the foremost incentive to victory, but those who don the padded suit and fight for glory on the foot-ball field know better. A point gained on the gridiron means a point gained in the anxious heart of the bright-eyed spectator on the grandstand; a run down the field in the face of fierce opposition is made because the athlete who carries the ball to the goal knows that he carries with it the hopes and fears of one of the far-clad onlookers who has eyes in the game for him alone; a kick that sends the oval soaring gloriously through space in the direction of the coveted posts is accompanied by a feeling of joyful anticipation because the owner of the foot knows that somewhere among the crowd of spectators one pair of eyes watches the progress of the ball with a fluttering heart. What nonsense to think that the perspiring heroes struggle for the supremacy of their college. They run and tackle and kick and bleed for the honor of the American girl, who has their hearts in keeping, and no one knows it better than she.

But if the American girl will shine where healthful sport is the programme, she will probably glow around the festive board and in the social circles next Thursday. The thought of a festival without her is too gloomy a prospect to be entertained. In the frost-brightened features of the out-door girl have their peculiar charm; there is another and an especial attractiveness surrounding the indoor girl who, daintily attired in shimmering loveliness, presides at the Thanksgiving-table and adds grace and beauty to the home. Compared to her, the Thanksgiving bird is a sorry delusion in spite of the bold he has on the hearts of the citizens. If the American girl has herself cause for self-sacrifice, it is a small matter in comparison with the gratitude that should be entertained by the male half of humanity towards the shaper of our destinies that she is with us to heighten the brightness of the day. She is a worthy theme for poets and a fitting topic for the orators of the day. Let poets summon the muse and orators tax their vocabulary to the utmost, and do full justice to a worthy subject—the Thanksgiving-Day girl of 1897.

Poets and orators, however, must not be allowed to monopolize the Thanksgiving-Day girl. Has she not come to the front in art so that her male competitors are beginning to fear for their laurels? Then what so fitting as that the best artists of America should take their drawing-boards and portray indecently their idea of the American girl.

The idea has been taken up with vim and enthusiasm by the artists, as the accompanying illustration will show. No one will question the truth of the statement that it is the finest thing in newspaper illustration ever printed in this city or state. Each type of girl was drawn by a leading newspaper illustrator, and with such a subject for their pen it is not to be wondered at that the artists have surpassed themselves. This galaxy of the ideal of American artists showing her in characteristic poses, is



THE AMERICAN GIRL, WHO IS HERSELF A CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING G. AS DRAWN BY PROMINENT ARTISTS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

worthy of chief place among the national tributes of the day. Like the subject, it is beautiful. It is natural, it is unaffectedly bewitching. But the American girl needs no art to add to her attractiveness, and no artist to contend for her right to first place in the hearts of the people of America. She has all that and a good deal more, and every one is glad that it is so.

CHICKAMAUGA PARK COMMISSION.

Chairman Boynton's Report—Nostly Monuments Going Up.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 20.—General Henry V. Boynton, as chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission, has submitted to the Secretary of War the annual report of the commission, showing that satisfactory progress has been made in the establishment of the park, in accordance with existing laws, and the plan heretofore adopted by the War Department. No change seems to the Park Commission to be required or to be advised.

Most of the statues which have erected

regimental and battery monuments throughout the park are now engaged in putting up costly State monuments of imposing design.

The State authorities of Tennessee and Georgia, and the county and municipal authorities of Tennessee, have been prompt and liberal in affording every legal facility for prosecuting the work of the commission.

MONUMENT TO VANCE.

Corner-Stone to be Laid By Grand Lodge of Masons.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., November 20.—Grand-Master Moore, at the request of the Masons of North Carolina, will call a communication of the Grand Lodge to assist in laying the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of Senator Vance.

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THE NORTHERN NECK

EFFECTS OF A SEVERE HURRICANE ON THE POTOMAC RIVER,

DESTRUCTION OF THOUSANDS OF DOLRS' WORTH OF FISHERMEN'S OUTFITS—REV.

MR. MCNEIL CALLED TO SOUTHAMPTON COUNTY—PERSONAL NOTES.

COLUMBIA, KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., November 12.—(Special)—The Potomac fishermen have had some varied experiences this week. Many thousands of dollars worth of seines and nets were put in the water the early part of the week, and quite an army of hopeful young men moved into their "shanties" along the river to begin the winter fishery, which many an old seine-hauler has predicted will be a "cracking fine season for the water-boys," and everything went well with these hard-worked, deserving folks until the middle of the week, when suddenly a hurricane, of some four or five hours' duration, swept down the Potomac and carried boats, seines, nets, traps, etc., from their places, and on down the river. Some wrecked outfits have been recovered, but the damages by the gale are very great, and falls heavily upon the fishermen, whose river outfit comprise their earthly possessions and only means of support.

SOMERSET BEACH.

The founders of Somerset Beach, the Potomac summer-resort, in course of construction near this place, not discouraged by the meagre patronage the past season, have just resumed the work of erecting new buildings, among which is a house of very large dimensions.

It is the hope and expectation of the projectors to make Somerset Beach more than a summer resort. They propose to

make it a town for permanent residence.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. H. T. Eaker, of this county, is visiting relatives in Maryland.

Mrs. J. R. Eaker, who has been spending some time at Whitestone, Lancaster County, has returned home to her home here.

Miss Carrie Stuart, of Cedar Grove,

this county, has returned home from an extended visit to New York, Philadelphia, and other northern cities.

Mr. C. C. Stuart, of Baltimore, is the

well, which will create a home market for the products of King George labor.

Rev. W. G. Bates, pastor of the Methodist church of this county, made his congregations and the county a "final farewell" this week, and departed for the annual conference. Mr. Bates was reluctant to leave the circuit, after serving these people very acceptably four years.

Mr. John T. Minor, postmaster here and leading merchant of the county, is in Danville, whither he went to attend the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. J. S. T. McNeil, of Richmond church, pastor of Potowmack Baptist church, in this county, told his congregation at the close of the morning service last Sunday that he had received a call to a church in Southampton county, and then requested a full attendance of the members at church that night to advise him concerning it. The matter was introduced at the 7 P. M. services, and the membership voted for the pastor to accept the call, inasmuch as it would not prevent him from filling his pulpit here every second Sunday, as now.

CONTEST FOR THE JUDGESHIP.

The contest for the judgeship of the county courts of King George and Stafford, referred to in this correspondence heretofore, has become a very spirited affair.

The friends of Mr. Chichister of Stafford, are not making a personal fight against Judge Ashton, of this county, the present judge for the two counties, but they are pressing the claim of their men on the ground that King George men have had the position for many years, the late J. B. Suttle, who was "turned out" by the Readjusters in 1870, being the last Stafford man on the bench. Both Judge Ashton and Mr. Chichister are very strongly endorsed by the Democrats, and the new Legislature will have presented to it two powerful pretenders for these two aspirants.

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guest of his mother and sisters, in this country.

Miss Dora Hoce, daughter of Mr. Isaac P. Hoce, is visiting relatives in Spotsylvania county.

The "King's Daughters" of this county, will on Thanksgiving-Day give an elaborate display and entertainment for the benefit of the poor widows and destitute families of King George.

A goodly sum of money is raised every November by the King's Daughters for charitable purposes.

The appointment of Mr. James S. Davis to the postmastership at Shiloh, this county, was a great surprise to many, for the reason that Mr. William H. Davis, the incumbent, has given such general satisfaction for a number of years. The only charge against the Shiloh postmaster is that he is a Democrat.

WEALTH IN A DEAD MISER'S ROOM.

(Washington Star.)

Charles Pearcey, who for nineteen years was a familiar figure in west Madison street, Chicago, is dead. He was at least 75 years old when he took his lodgings in a little room at No. 23 west Madison street. He lived the life of a recluse. At times he did his own cooking and sometimes ate at the cheap restaurants of the neighborhood. He never did any work either. He never even seemed to be in actual want. He made no friends. It was learned that the old man had come to Chicago from Virginia. It was also learned that he had a brother in this city, but that he had no relatives of their own.

He was a bachelor, and had no property.

He was bright with youth—perhaps a bride.

Perhaps a chief of some wild race.

Stretched on his bullhide shield—who died?

And where? In fair and sunny Spain?

Or on the endless northern night?

Or on the parched Sahara plain?

On some stony mountain height?

Tucked deep in some dark corner of the sea?

Where oceans roar and oceans meet?

Did he come a guest to be?

Within the house across the street?

Who died just now? Each human breath?

For some one, staticians say.

Is for each passing moment hurried

Down the path of life, and never stays?

They stand gaunt-eyed and white and wan.

Where Charon's headlights duly shine.

Who was it died just now? Pray God.

Not some one of your kith—or mine.

Death in the World.

(Chicago Record.)

WHO'S DEAD?

WHO'S ALIVE?

WHO'S GOING TO DIE?

WHO'S GOING TO LIVE?

WHO'S GOING TO GET MARRIED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET DIVORCED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET KILLED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET BORN?

WHO'S GOING TO GET MARRIED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET DIVORCED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET KILLED?

WHO'S GOING TO GET BORN?

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